QUEER PLACES IN PARIS

HOW THE LOWER CLASSES ARE EN-TERTAINED ON SUNDAY EVENING.

Death, Heaven and Hell Furnish Topics for Amusement in the French Capital-Very Realistic.

Letter in New York Mail and Express.

My friend's brougham was ordered and Cabaret Neant, where we were to begin passing our Parislan Sunday night.

This place is situated on what is known as the Boulevard de Batignolles, close to where the famous Moulin Rouge is in full realize your surroundings, and then you discover that the supposed table is a wooden them in turn. They depict scenes of life in

revels leading the way, fervently exhorting of some forty persons, of both sexes, all carrying the lighted tapers which had been placed on the coffins in front of each one THE PATRONS.

I look at my companions. They appear to me to be of the petty shop keeping class informed us was the hall of death. The the opening of a huge family vault, and standing on end in the center was a coffin containing a skeleton. Grinning skulls and rows of bones were noticed as the eyes bea moment or two there was a slight silence with the funereal voice implored us all to remember what some day we were all certain to become, and asked if any of us would like to have a brief temporary expe-

pushing the skeleton out, took its place in the coffin, and there, before our eyes, we smile from his lips and the clothes from his Discolored marks appeared on his skeleton. It was a little horrible, but before the feeling of horror became convinc-The bones acquired flesh again, the spots disappeared from the flesh, the clothes came back to the body, the smile to the mouth and the light to the eyes, and the man stepped from the coffin with a shrug of his shoulders and the remark that if that was all that was in it he didn't mind going to heaven that way on the first occasion that

could make out, any other feeling but consisted of spectre raising and other exseen and to alter our lives accordingly, the head undertaker showed us into the street through a long passage pleasantly decorated with the coffin-plates, skulls and other delights of charnel house existence.

A PARIS "HEAVEN." I had to confess to my New York friend ment. But I had not much time for furand flowers. Grotesque statues of heathen gods were in various corners, and raised on high on gilded poles were representations of the golden calf and other emblems ants of this place were attired in white robes, with wreaths of roses round their heads and wings fastened to their shoulders, and a man who introduced himself to us as an archangel invited us to realize that at last we had obtained the joys of Ely-

beer and green tickets, at a cost of somephemous order, the spectators being persons of varied conditions of life, but more of what should judge to be the middle class Parisian than of any other grade of society. A sort of service was held, and transparencies were disclosed on the walls showing the delights of the supposed heavens of various creeds. Christian and heathen. Then we were invited to mount to heaven itself, and, preceded by the company of angels, we arrived at a hall, which smelt somewhat closely and looked very dirty, but we were informed was paradise. On a stage in front of us a somewhat vulgar performance took place, in which young women posing as angels and houris beckoned us to join them in their realm of happiness. One or two men showed an inclination to accept the invitation, and were promptly threatened with expulsion by the archangel, and the entertainment concluded with a distribution of golden coins, in exchange for which we were nvited to drop half-francs in a tin box. WHERE DEVILS REIGNED.

A few steps from the Cabaret du Ciel was the Cabaret de l'Enfers, or "Hell." This various monsters grinning at us from the change for another 15 or 20 cents. I forget exactly. The attendants were men garbed as devils, red and black, with very aggressive forked tails, and decidedly menacing it came out and his eye happened to fall on The chief devil in his discourse all hope, and the motley crowd listening to him did not seem to be particularly affected by the fact, but on the contrary told him to "Hurry up with the burning." Then we were invited to proceed to an adjoining cave, another hall or furnacelike construction, with more serpents, and other unpleasant objects. The stage represented a huge fire, and twisting among the gleaming coals n roasting a woman of smiling counten-Then a man was taken from the audience by a pair of devils, on the arch-devil remarking that the fire wanted coaling. The man was placed on the top of a heap of fagots and flames at once sprang up around him, and by a clever optical delusion he was seemingly burned to a crisp. But we had not long to mourn his departure. A wave or two of the arch-devil's trident and the heap of ashes again acquired human shape, and in a few seconds the man who had served as "coals" was restored to his female companion, who seemed a little anxin regard to what had really happened

can torture the souls of the lost, and then we were dismissed with the advice to laugh and drink and eat all we could while we had the good luck to be alive, as what we had just witnessed was certain to be our

had just witnessed was certain to be our fate in the hereafter.

The visit to the cabarets of Death, Heaven and Hell occupied us about two hours, and sufficed to show us how the lower order of the Paris populace liked to amuse itself. As a wind-up my friend suggested something of a little better order, and so the brougham was directed to stop at the Cafe de la Paix on the Place de at the Cafe de la Paix, on the Place de 'Opera, where we supped, amid surroundings which, if not entirely respectable, were certainly aristocratic.

As a conclusion to our Sunday night in Paris we went to Maxim's, on the Rue Royale, at once the dearest suppling place in queens of the "half-world" famous in Parisian life. It is at Maxim's that the new the coachman instructed to drive to the fashions of the year are shown to the wondering eyes of the women of society who zling, but fallen, sisterhood. And here, even on this Sunday night, it was easy to recognize the American and English visitor, ac-companied by his wife and even by his daughter, taking part without compunction in a scene which would not be for one moment tolerated as an abiding place of respectable people in any other capital.

DEWEY AND THE VALET.

An Incident That Occurred When the Admiral Was Lieutenant.

San Francisco Examiner. W. W. Stone, who was ship's writer on board the cruiser Colorado when Admiral Dewey and Rear Admiral Watson were lieutime was President Lincoln's servant, was a witty but bungling Irishman. Stone's best story centers around this quaint character. One morning Admiral Goldsborough sent down word to John that he wanted his glass. meaning, of course, his spyglass. John, as however, misunderstood and came tramping up the bridge with a goblet in his

"John, you're the devil's own valet," growled the admiral, when he saw him con Faith, sor, I didn't think I'd come to that same when I tuk service wid you, sor."

"Throw that blamed goblet overboard and

escaped dashing it upon the upturned face of an executive officer, Lieut. Commander Geo. cutters. The Colorado had just arrived from taking executive wanted to see for himself how the old ship looked after her battle tractions is shown every year, the attendwith the waves.

It was a lovely spring Sunday morning. It is in the discovery and presentation zentop to drink in with boyish zest the de- | the glory lies, for when one of these is lights of our glorious surroundings. Off our beams lay Ischia and Capri, standing like stern Roman sentinels on guard, at the horns of the bay. Ahead lay the Campanila; from its center rises old Vesuvius, from whose grim apex I could see floating upward a hazy wreath, significant of the unrest beneath. I watched the old admiral with a good deal of interest; had I been a kodak fiend I should, then and there, have forfeited my appointment by taking a snapshot at the irate officer as he glared at the sleek, unconcerned menial.

"Go below, you blundering Irishman, before I have you tossed over after the glass!" The man disappeared with just the suspicion of a smirk on his innocent-looking face. "Mr. Dewey would like to have you find out, sir, who is heaving crockery over the side of the ship, sir." This came from one of the crew of the cutter; he had come up with the order and spoke to Lieut. Commander John Critttenden Watson, as the time officer of the deck. The admiral overheard the message of the angry executive

and laughed quietly.
"Tell Mr. Dewey that it was the admiral,
my man," said he soberly; then, turning to
Mr. Watson, he remarked: "He can't very well put the admiral in the brig, though I

"He may look around for a substitute admiral, answered Mr. Watson, smiling." "Oh, no, Dewey has too keen a sense of justice; beside, I remember him saying once that he had no use for a substitute." A few minutes after this Mr. Dewey himself came over the starboard gangway, saluting the admiral with rather a haughty war and serve merely as a hook on which to hang the old-time jest about a "miss being as good as a mile," but when a plain, matter-of-fact plebeian tumbler shoots past you, centrary to the articles of war and in direct tion is only an excrescence alongside of the glaring fact that your dignity has been very

The admiral looked down and took in the situation. Descending to the quarter deck, he approached Dewey and said, with a friendly air, "I say, Dewey, did you ever

read 'Handy Andy?'"
"Yes, sir," rather shortly.
"Well, now, I must have his cousin aboard," and the admiral related the glass incident. The two laughed over the blunder, Mr. Dewey having recovered his usual good nature by this time. "You see, Dewey, I have a sort of interest in the fellow; the secretary recommended him to me as a good, faithful-serving young

man; he had been attached to Mr. Lincoin as his personal attendant and I took the scamp partly on that account. Ah, here he comes at last with my glass. John, did Mr. Lincoln ever score you for your awkward-"No, sor, he niver did; many the time he

tould me that it wor a mercy that we were thegither, because, he said, his mind were taken off affairs of state by thinkin' did he worruk harder tellin' me how to do things than if he went and did thim himself." "No doubt," said the admiral.

"I want you to remember, John," said Mr. Dewey, severely, "that it is strictly against the rules of this ship to throw anything over the sides. You came very near striking me in the head with your glass tossing."
"Thot wor a pity, sor."
"A pity!" exclaimed Dewey, savagely; "by
Jim, I'd have come up and had you strung

"No, sor, axin' your paron, I hope not." "What's that!" roared the admiral, an-

"Troth, sor, d'ye mind the mornin' tellin' me that ye was to do the thinkin' an' I was to obey orders, even if I bruk owners?" The two laughed heartily at this hit and John went below with flying colors.

One said, "I love you-come to me! However short the afterward may be, Alone, how worthless an eternal day!"

One prayed: "I love you-beg you go! Then drag the afterward however slow. Well purity and mercy know There is a passion of restraint that saves-Mighty as that which dies when it enslaves!" -Martha Gilbert Dickinson.

Editor vs. Business Manager.

I once gave some reminiscences of a newsiper whose business department was entirely subordinate to its editorial department-whose business manager reported once a day to its editor, who said "Do this" "Do that," while the business manager said "Yes, sir," respectfully and did as he was told. Of course, that happened because the paper was owned by the editor, who happened to care much more for the editorial end than he did for the business end. In this case the paper was prosperous and the editor died a millionaire. But now compels me to repeat a story of the kind which had an opposite result. It is a French story-of Louis Blanc, who, as the world knows, was the most uncompromising man in the world and the most con-scientious. He spent about half his life in prison because he would say what he thought was right, regardless of consequences to himself. In one of the brief intervals when he was out of prison and when his popularity ran high a paper, was made the sole responsible head of it. One day he took the paper up as soon as

"The best pills are X--'s pills." Blanc called his secretaire de la redaction, who was as near to being a business manager as the paper had, showed him the "ad" and said to him: "Don't you think we are taking a good deal on ourselves in making that state-

"How do you know that X—'s pills are better than anybody else's pills?" de-manded Blanc; "have you taken them all?"

"Then what justification have we in attempting to guarantee the superiority of But it's an advertisement, and all papers do the same. "What all papers do is no guide to Let us make no statement that we are not

perfectly sure of. Let this advertisement nor, for that matter, did any advertise roved too bright and good for huma ature's daily food. But it died a beautifu

BIG SALARIES PAID TO SOME OF THESE ABNORMAL CREATURES.

thing About the "Missing Link"-Big-Footed Girl's Luck.

"What would you consider a good salary about the value of a really star freak, while, as a matter of fact, the weekly salary of such an attraction ranges from \$250 to \$900

Equally vague are most persons' ideas erty to that of comparative wealth, and from being objects of pity, and, in many cases, of contumely, to a position in which they are able to dictate terms to successful

Freaks are the cards on which a wideawake dime museum manager wins or loses. This is not because a great deal of money case when the freak in question has become a standard attraction and commands a large salary. In this case, with the extra expenses "Yes, sor," said John, calmly tossing the in advertising and providing special surglass over the side and in doing so barely roundings the cost of the attraction runs The passage down the Adriatic of everything shown at a dime museum sea had been a stormy one and the pains- that, unless a number of these standard atance will fall off.

> of entirely new freaks that the money and of large profit, for few freaks have at of one of the large museums will travel amount of trouble to secure a genuine novelty in this line-the more so as new freaks are becoming rarer and rarer every year. FREAKS ARE SCARCE.

and retiring disposition, which is probably come from country places. This seems rather strange, the popular idea being that life in the city is not so wholesome as that in the country, and that the former ought enjoy the prominence that their rise in life has given them among their old neighbors. Many, after making a comfortable competence, spend nearly all their time on these country places, leaving them, per-haps, for only two or three weeks in the year, as much to gratify a desire to see a little of city life for a wime as from any wish for gain. Even for so short a time as this, however, some of them will not leave their homes, and none of them will do so at all unless they get about their Perhaps the best-known freaks in this

country are the wild men of Borneo, who present they have rolled up fortunes for in 250,000. several persons who have exhibited ther., and have lived to see most of them dead and buried. As nearly as can be ascertained, they were brought to this country about 1850 by a Captain Hammond, who found them on one of the small islands in the Pacific. He called them the wild men of Borneo because every one was acquainted with Borneo as the largest island in the world. Captain Hammond died and they were taken charge of by Henry Harvey, of Boston. After his decease H. A. Warner, of Waltham, Mass., took them, and he has now become blind from age, so that his son Ernest has to take them on the road, although they still live with his father. In spite of their age the little fellows are as cheerful and full of life as when they first came to this country. Their eyes are bright, their hair shows no sign of gray, and the only signs of approaching old age are a slight deafness and a diminution of their enormous strength. When they were in their prime one of them could lift two good-sized men with ease, although they stand only three feet in height and weigh but forty-five pounds. Even now they are extremely strong and active, but do not lift these great weights, while their whole life is much more quiet than it used to be. When they were first brought out they \$300 to \$400 a week. At that salary they had continuous engagements, running two directly to another engagement. Now, however, they have become so well known that they do not command much of a salary, and

Mr. Warner will not take them on the road A PLEASANT LIFE.

They have a pleasant life at Mr. Warner's fine place, where they have the best of care, and are given about everything that they want. Their desires are few and simple, and they seem to find the most enjoyment in helping to take care of the place. Although they seem so bright and quick, they have never mastered the English language, but understand simple things that Mr. Warner says to them. In speaking to evercoat, but that I thought I would try strangers they converse almost entirely by sign language, but they have a language of their own which Mr. Warner has never been able to understand. One of the most interesting cases of the rise of a freak from poverty to affluence is that of Fanny Mills, the big-footed woman, who was discovered by Frank Stone, the Boston dime museum manager. He

heard of her through the postmaster at Sandusky, O., and after a little correspondence determined to go out and see if she was all that she was represented to be, The farm on which she was living with her parents was found to be the most miserable place imaginable, the house and buildings out of repair, the ground poor, and "I figured it out this way: By accepting everything indicating a hard struggle for \$25 for the coat I could manage to raise the bare existence. The girl herself was halfclothed and fearfully thin and worn-looking. Her work was to milk the cows and then carry the milk for a distance of five miles to the houses along the road. She carried two large pails slung on a yoke across her shoulders, and with her huge feet the daily toil was so severe that, coupled with miserable food, it had worn

Mr. Stone took her to Boston at a salary of \$85 a week, and billed her as the big-footed woman from Chicago." She created a long time. When she arrived she had on her feet a pair of boots that showed how primitive had been her mode of life. They were made throughout of the tops of farmers' heavy cowhide boots, and had been manufactured at home by first cutting out of combined bootlegs a piece large enough for the sole, and then sewing more bootlegs over it from the side to side until the foot was covered. A shoe dealer took these shoes to place in his window as an advertisement and in return made for her two of the finest pairs that he could turn out. Fanny's salary was steadily increased as it became evident what a drawing card she was and when she left Mr. Stone it was to fill an

engagement of \$500 a week. She was simple and careful in her manner of living, and, in fact, her living expenses were just about paid by what she made through the sale of her pictures. She went back to Sandusky as soon as she had made enough money, bought the finest farm in all that part of the country, and is the entire support of

BIG SALARIES. The highest-priced freaks ever shown in formed. They were constantly worrying about the high price of living in this coun-

a curious and interesting sight to see this little fellow, who stands just two feet and two inches in height, overseeing the work

four years old, but has already saved up a large fortune, and is the owner of a beautiis growing taller and more valuable every cept for a very large sum, as she is married,

among the freaks was Krao, the missing good deal of refinement, as freaks go. She her cheeks and carry it away from the table to be eaten later. Ordinarily her eyes were soft and of great depth of expression, but if anything angered her they had the fierce, intent stare that could be mistaken for nothing but the look of a monkey. Chang, the Chinese giant, appears to have been almost unique in freak annals as caring nothing for rural life. He made his pile

IN THREE CENTURIES.

People don't live to be as old as Methuse

years ago, but instead of buying a farm, went into the tea business, and at the time of his death, was one of the leading tea

It Is Estimated that 4,000 Old Timers

merchants of Bournemouth, England.

New York Press.

next year, will have seen three centuries. That, of course, does not mean that they then will be 300 years old, but only that they were born at the close of the eighteenth century and lived through this wonderful nineteenth to see the opening of the to-bemore wonderful twentieth. There are a number of these old people in the United States and some of them were fancy. They saw the times that "tried men's souls;" they remember Washington Harrison and old Winfield Scott and Zach-ary Taylor fighting in Mexico at the head of the American army; and McClellan and Grant and Lee and Stonewall Jackson and Sherman and Sheridan mixing it up in the railroad trains and the introduction of electricity; and in their old age they have come upon people balancing themselves upon two wheels and traveling about over the country at surprising speed; they have wondered at the harnessing of electricity and its use as a motive power to drive cars and carriages. finished off in a few short months, with modern fighting implements, that in their youth would have lasted for years; they have seen the United States grow from an infant republic to a world power, and they appreciate the marvelous in the things that o the youth of to-day seem commonplace. There were no records of births and deaths kept in this country when these old people were young, so there is no way in estimated that there are at least 700 of them scattered about over the States. In the older countries of Europe, however, these records have long been kept up, and over there it has been figured out that on the first day of the twentieth century there will be over 4,000 persons living who were alive on the last day of the eighteenth century. Servia is especially the country of cente-narians, and leaves all other European countries hopelessly in the rear in the longevity race. One man in 2,260 has seen 100 years, and in all, Servia boasts 575 men of in every 8,139 of the population, or 578 in all. Spain favors length of years, and out of 43,000 Spaniards one is a centenarian, with

a total of 401. Norway numbers 23, or one in about 96,000. with 192, or one in about 177,000.

England, Scotland and Wales rank next France has 213 centenarians, or one in Sweden ranks seventh with 20 only, or one Germany has 78, or one in 705,000. Denmark only claims 2, or less than one

to 1,000,000 of its population; and Switzernot to possess a single centenarian. In Northampton, England, a latter-day Methuselah hes buried in the porch of All Saints' Church. John Bailes's gravestone declares that he lived to be 126, but local There is no proof that the John Bailes of the register was the Bailes of the tablet. The latter had a daughter who claimed two years more than a century for her span of life, and that achievement counts certainly in her father's favor. Leaving him, then, in undisputed possession of his 130 years, John Bailes began life under Ouen Elizabeth and Bailes began life under Queen Elizabeth and finished it under Queen Anne, thus seeing out all these rulers: James I, Charles I, Cromwell, Charles II, James II and William

These old people seem to have stood to one side while the procession of life marched longer, their griefs must have been greater, or at least more numerous than those of their fellows, but so, too, perhaps, were their joys. And now in the fullness of their days they are waiting resignedly for the summons to join those who have gone before to explore the great mystery.

WISHES HE TOLD THE TRUTH.

mith's Trouble Began When He Sold His Christmas Present.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

"It pays to be truthful," said Smith, as he picked up a cheap cigar after looking longingly at the expensive brand he usually smokes. Some time before Christmas I chanced to remark to my wife that I needed a new and get through the winter with my old

one, as matters were pretty close with me, and I couldn't afford it. "Christmas day, most to my surprise and consternation, my wife presented me with at a glance didn't cost a cent less than \$50. However, I had to grin and bear it and try and figure out some way to pay for it. "One day I chanced to meet Jones on the street, and, as he was admiring the overcoat, an inspiration flashed over me. "Jones is about my build, and as he needed an overcoat, I asked him what he would give me for mine. He said \$25, and I ac-

cepted the offer so quick that it made Jones

other \$25, and thus get out of a situation that was keeping me awake nights.
"I had to tell my wife some sort of fairy tale, so I went home that night with a long face and a story about a sneak having stolen the overcoat out of my office while I chanced to be away. I fell like a sneak thief myself when my wife burst into tears. But I burnt the bridges behind me, so I had to carry out my part. "My wife, while down town one day chanced to run across Jones wearing the overcoat. She recognized it at once, and, calling a policeman, had Jones arrested. "There was nothing now for me to do but to confess the whole thing and get Jones released from behind the bars. The result was that I had a bad hour with my wife and a two-days' struggle with Jones to talk him out of suing me for damages. "But the worst remains to be told. My wife had bought the overcoat from funds that her father had sent her. "I never want to see another Christmas again! I never want to see Jones again! I wouldn't mind if I didn't see my wife again until it was warm enough for summer

IN THE BAD SQUARES.

The Indiana Within Range of the

Spanish Batteries at Santiago.

Captain Taylor, of the Indiana, tells in the May Century what was involved in car-rying out Admiral Sampson's rigid instruc-tions to "close in" at Santiago. Our course, previously determined upon caused us in the present instance to deviate but little from the direction we were then pursuing. We advanced, therefore, in this direction, and, gaining full speed, approached the shore and Cervera's fleet at proached the shore and Cervera's fleet at an angle, and it was not long before we entered what we were in the habit of calling the 'bad squares' of the checker board. These were certain areas off the entrance upon which the guns of the Spanish batteries were always trained, and upon which they were fired without further sighting whenever one of our ships entered them. My attention was so engrossed in observe-

TOLOSA two inches in height, overseeing the work of some twenty strapping laborers, driving about the farm in his little pony cart or going to the city with several wagon loads of produce. Etala giving, who is, so far as is known, the tallest woman on earth, is only twenty-four years old, but has already saved up a four years old, but has already saved up a latest woman on earth, is only twenty-four years old, but has already saved up a latest woman on earth is only twenty-four years old, but has already saved up a latest woman on earth is the owner. OF MEXICO

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teries and that from Cervera's squadron. The latter had now become intense, though wild, and the screeching of their shells about us was incessant. At this moment I twelve he was present at Tilbury when me on the bridge, and who with his spy-Queen Elizabeth reviewed her troops, and as that was in 1588 and he died in 1706, his age was 130 instead of 126. Against this is the have opened fire on us. We are in the bad squares." It was then for the first time duces the age of its John Bailes to about 114. | that my attention was drawn to our con-

FRIENDLY ADVICE. Tender Solicitude of the Schoolmaster Saved the Man's Life.

According to Inspector General Breckin-ridge, who has recently returned from Cuba and Porto Rico, the sense of moral responsibility of the average Cuban is extremely limited. This was strongly impressed upon him one day at a military station near rounded up by the troops and with them a | a problem of how to live through calorific. dozen horses stolen from a plantation in the vicinity. The general took a look at the prisoners and noticed among them a man who appeared to belong to a better class than his companions. He was called forward, and, through an interpreter, the general questioned him. How did you get mixed up in asked the inspector general. "I had nothing to do with the affair," was the reply. "I am the school teacher in the district where these men live and I give them advice. I give every one advice who

"But." suggested the officer who accom panied General Breckinridge, "that fellow owner of the horses. "Ask him why he made such a malignant suggestion," said the general to the inter-

The question was put and the school teacher shrugged his shoulders. "The 'ca-cique' does not understand," he said. "It was I who saved the proprietor's life. These men came to me with him and said: 'He will not pay us what we demand. Shall we kill him? Then, as they asked me for advice, I said: 'No, do not kill him. Cut off one hand; he will pay you then.' They did as I advised, the money was paid and I had saved the man's life. There is surely nothing malignant about that. I am his friend.

THE AGE OF THE WORLD. Scientists Name an Almost Inconceiv-

In Blair's "Chronology"-Blair was

Scotchman, and, therefore, most exact in his methods-the first date set down is that which announces the creation of Adam and Eve on Friday, Oct. 31, 4004 B. C., at 4 p. m. Of course, we have outgrown this childish conception of the world's age. Nature never lies. Our interpretation of her ways and works may err and our readfacts remain, and in this case the facts writ large on the face of rock and hill, valley and mountain, fossil animal and fossil plant all tell the same story-that of the great antiquity of our planet.

No intelligent mind doubts this latter con-clusion, because the evidence is overwhelming in its favor. When the good folk of old trembled and said the very foundations of belief would go by the board if Mr. Blair's figures were doubted, their fears and fancies proved groundless. Nowhere do the Scriptures teach that the earth is only 5,000 years old, and the acceptance of the physicists' and geologists' views interferes with no conception of duty or vital phase of any religion that is worth calling a religion at all The physicist calculates the world's age by methods which deal with the conditions of the matter whereof the world is made, and has passed and is passing. The geologist, in his turn, attempts to calculate the earth's age by a reference to the rate which the rocks comprising its crust have been formed or worn away, and by considering the thickness of rock formations themselves. Lord Kelvin's idea is that the earth's age may be anything between 20,000,000 and 100,000,000 of years. Prof. Tait thinks that about 10,000,000 of years may have sufficed to work out all the actions of geological

Prof. G. Darwin, suggests 500,000,000 of year as a more likely estimate of the duration of

our fire upon them that I did not at first distinguish between the fire of these batteries and that from Cervera's squadron. Sir Archibald Geikie, give us 73,000,000 of years as the lowest figure and 680,000,000 as

Between these figures, it must be admitted there is plenty of room for the varying no-tions of his brother scientists. Dr. A. R. Wallace, the biologist, approaching this question, regards 28,000,000 of years as the time represented in the formation of the earth's crust, while other estimates vary from 60,000,000 of years to 700,000,000 for the SAVE THIS AND WAIT! same results. There is, therefore, no certainty to be ar-

rived at in the matter, save about one thing, namely, the inconceivably lengthy history our orb has had and the necessarily slow and gradual changes - taking them all round-through which our world has passed, and through which it has come to be the planet it is.

A WARM DAY LUNCHEON.

The Pleasant Way a Southern Hostess Tempted the Jaded Spring Appetite. New Orleans Times-Democrat. A famous down-town housekeeper gave a little informal luncheon the other afternoon

-the day and deed are standing out now to her guests as an oasis in the young hot summer. The melancholy days are come when the heavy feeder has lost his raison d'etre. The joy of life has waned because food must be cooked before eaten and the most delectable ragouts and fricandeaus lose name. shaded coolly, and on spotless damask quite a large mirror outlined a circle in the center of the table into which, like a clear, rushbordered pool, growing maiden-hair ferns in a Dresden jardiniere were reflected. The effect led one to ruminations on pastures green and shady haunts that were particuarly satisfactory on a thermal afternoon. At each cover was a fine china plate of ox-heart cherries, beaded with cold, for shavings of ice interpenetrated all the crevices of the ruddy mound. Appetite and coolness both came with the eating and the first course was voted a success. When stones and stems had been removed, dainty cups of frozen consomme were brought in; the foundation of the soup was chicken, and it was so rich and cold that it was jellied stiff. The temperature of the dining room grew perceptibly lower and fans were laid aside for good. River shrimp through which splinters of ice shone were next served every one doing full justice to this mos toothsome of crustaceans. "We are being teased at every stage, do you observe?" said one of the guests, delightedly. "We have had three courses and do not feel as though we had begun to be surfeited, and are as cool as cucumbers." Pompano was next brought in, already served, a la Russe, that the hostess might be as care free as her ruests. Lemon and parsley garnished every plate and very small new potatoes and iced cucumbers were served with the king of fish. A mayonnaise of chicken was next brought in, resting in scooped tomatoes on a hed of tender lettuce leaves, and stoned olives, all ice cold. The individual French wafers and a sauterne cup was drunk, fraple, strawberries and cherries. No other neat was served, the lunch proper drawing to a close with young asparagus and Frenc dressing. Strawberries were then partaken of with whipped cream and cafe frappe served in glasses was served last. Cafe frappe is made thus and is a varia-tion on the usual summer ices: To one quart

London Sunday Papers. New York Commercial Advertiser.

being prettiest for this purpose.

of strong black coffee add four tablespoon

fuls of sugar and a cupful of cream or rich milk. Pack in the freezer and proceed as

with any other cream to be frozen. Serve always in glasses, the bulbous claret glass

London is not appreciative of the Sunday newspaper. Six weeks ago the Mail and the Telegraph began publishing editions on Sunday, and everybody was predicting that affairs would run over there as they had here, the Sunday paper becoming larger and larger, adding attraction to attraction, till it became of such proportions that he who really read it forsook all other literature and lived by it alone. The weeklies were to die, and even the monthlies were to have to reduce their prices and to struggle vio-lently to live. All this may yet come; but just at present it does not look so, for the Mail, as a "frank concession to the religious feeling of the public," stops its Sunday issue, though were it paying as they do here there would probably be no such con-

hicago Record.

When the civilization of the Filipinos is the civilization of the Filipinos is the coughly effected the civilizers might turn their attention to the college youths of Two Dollars Per Annum.

Forced From Our Building

-UNTIL-

THURSDAY, MAY 25, at 9 a.m.

On account of the H. Sels & Co., the largest wholesale clothing house in Indiana, located at Anderson, Ind., having been forced from their building, their entire stock, consisting of over \$185,000 worth of fine tailor-made clothing, has been removed to Indianapolis, in the large building, No. 16 North Meridian street, between Washington and the Circle, and will be sold out in stock must be sacrificed at 33 per cent. less than

flavor and take on the sort of pepper that does not seep from tabasco bottles. But now closed, and this great closing out money-raisty-one days. No postponement. Below we quote a few prices to show what extraordinary bargains will be offered. Bring the children; there will be

> A Fine Suit of MEN'S CLOTHES, All to Match, \$2.98

This suit is positively worth \$12.50 or your money refunded any time during this sale. Men's fine Suits in Cheviots and Scotch Plaids, \$4.98. worth \$16.50 or your money refunded at any time Silk and satin-lined Dress Suits, in plain, check and stripes, \$7.48. This suit is positively worth \$22. styles and shades, heavy silk and satin lined. equal to the finest \$40 tailor made-to-order suit, for \$12.48. Don't fail to ask to see this suit. Men's fine Dress Pants, 98c; worth \$3.50 or your steds and fancy stripes, at \$2.39; positively worth \$5, \$6 and \$7 or money returned. Over 500 Overcoats and Ulsters of the finest makes and qualities for \$2.98, positively About 250 Overcoats, in Covert Cloth, Herring-bone and Velour finish cloth, all silk lined, \$7.89; positively worth \$22 to \$35 or money returned at any time during sale. Boys' Suits and Overcoats, 98c; worth \$4.50. 1,000 pairs of boys' Knee Pants, 8c; worth \$1. Men's best quality reinforced unlaundered Shirts, 29c; worth \$1.

Come and pick 'em at your own price, for everything must be sold in twenty-one days. Re-

member, we have been forced from our building. Good heavy work Shirts, 19c, and fine Dr. Men's Hats, Stetson's shapes, also a few Dunworth \$1. Good heavy Socks, 3c; worth 35c and 50c. Over 5,000 Neckties, in all shades, 10c; worth light lamb's wool, bought to sell from \$1 to \$5 per suit, will be sold at this sale at 19c per garment. Men's Handkerchiefs, 3c; worth 35c. Odd Coats, odd Vests and Mackintoshes at your

One thousand pairs of Overalls, 29c; worth \$1. Men's and boys' all-wool Sweaters at your own price, and 3,000 other articles too numerous to nention, among them many for the ladies. Do not confound this sale with so-called clos-ing-out sales, etc. This is a legitimate sale. In-diana's largest wholesale clothing house has been removed to Indianapolis, in the large building a No. 16 North Meridian street, and will begin Thursday, May 25, at 9 a. m., and closes in twenty-one days. Don't miss it if you value money. It will pay you to come one hundred miles. Railroad fare paid to all purchesers

of \$25 and over. H. SELZ & CO.

The Sunday Journal By Mail, To Any Address,